A HERETIC IN SCIENCE.

MR HUDSON'S LATEST VOLUME.

BIRDS IN A VILLAGE. By W. H. Hudson, C. M. Z. S. Pp. 232. London: Chapman & Hall, Fniladelphia: J. R. Lippincott (.e.

Mr. Hudson devotes much space in this volume t looks as if, to use a proverbial phrase, he were speaking two words for himself and one for his feathered proteges. If he had his own way he would doubtless not be cooped up in London, vexed by the noises of multitudes of people. He would be wandering free upon the plains of Argentina and Patagonia, studying anew the ceasts and birds which he has already described so well. It is easy to read the unhappiness of a son of nature in prison beneath the sympathy of the uther for that other wild freeman Herman Melville, who in his far wanderings "had lost the miscrable warping memories of traditions and of towns." The same thing is to be read, too, in Mr. Hudson's own rueful foreboding that he must now live out his remaining years in the great

His readers will certainly share his regret. He s one of the masters in his field of nature study. In his far southern habitat he was almost with out a competitor. But the case is different with The book in hand, though it is en rished with all that acuteness of observation for which its author has become famous, cannot be compared with others that have flowed from his pen. He loves Thoreau and John Burroughs, but he cannot do the work that they have done. needs a wilder scene than a trim English woodland or a village common. One should be saturated with literature as well as with the results of observation to make the best of essayists on nature in the haunts of civilization. Not that one should be always brimming over with prose and poetical quotations, but the effect of vast gen eral reading should be seen in his writing as the shining sand and shells and pebbles are seen through the deep water of a pellucid lake. But much of Mr. Hudson's literary allusion seems to come with an effort. Only once when he breaks forth in praise of a beloved Spanish poet are we allowed to catch a glimpse of book knowledge in which the author can really teach his readers. It is refreshing to see him drive suddenly athwart all the vanities of those who love English litera-ture not wisely but too well, that is, too exclu-sively. "I doubt for one thing," he exclaims, "if we are justified in the boast we sometimes make, that the feeling for nature is stronger in our poets than in those of other countries. The most scientific critic may be unable to pick a hole in Tennyson's botany and zoology, but the passion for and the feeling of oneness with nature may exist without this modern minute accuracy." All this came of a sort of day dream. The nat-

uralist had found his way to a sedgy pool, over which the water lilies spread, while the margia the 'meads' or playground." was fringed with rushes. Stout old pollard willows stood sentinel in the meadows near by, and brambles and rosebriars made a rich and beautiful tangle. A little wooden bridge, no longer used by humankind, made a resting-place for the birds before they flitted down to their feeding-places in "Thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, reedbuntings, tits, wrens, with many other species, succeeded each other all day long; for now they mostly had young to provide for, and it was their busiest time." In this secluded spot he would like branding. "It was conventionally supposed have built a cabin, where he might live away that a junior's hand doomed ferre infiniteum ignem from all human companionship. He would have only one book, and this book must be some Spanish poet, "Melendez for preference-only a small selection from his too voluminous writings; for he, albeit an eighteenth century singer, was perhaps the last of that long illustrious line of poets who sang as no others have sung of the pure delightfulness of life with nature." How enthusiastic he is for his favorites! "In the freer kinds of Spanish poetry there are numberless verses that make the smoothest lines and lyrics of our sweetest and most facile singers, from Herrick to Swinburne, seem hard and mechanical by comparison." He is delighted by the careless ease, the lightness of heart, the delicacy, the seeming artlessness o his old poet, and above all by "the old, simple, healthy, natural gladness in nature, and feeling of kinship with all the children of life."

"This is rank heresy," will be the resentful exclamation of staid admirers of English classics, Just ds of human endeavor where heretics can be more useful at present than in English literature and in natural science. Mr. Hudson is a thorough-going heretic in science. He takes the moor hen, the little half-civilized creature that drops down every summer by the waterside in Hyde Park after its winter journey to some southern clime, as pretext for attacking the superstition that birds have an instinctive or inherited fear of man. He alludes to this as a dictum of Darwin, and doubtless Darwin did give it the sanction of science, but it is far older. Did not the friends of Thoreau talk as if there was something un-canny in the confidence which birds and beasts showed toward him? A deep unfathomable mystery has been made of what is no mystery Those moor hens are simply indifferent the millions of human creatures that surround them because they are not molested. "And as with these moor hens," adds the author, "so it is with all wild birds: they fear and fly from and suspiciously watch from a safe distance, whatmolests them, and wherever man suspends his hostility toward them they quickly outgrow the suspicion which experience has taught them. Seither moor hen nor any other wild bird cares, he insists, for the noises of civilization. little creatures that flutter wildly at sight of a meek-looking cat or a crazy fox-terrier or an inquisitive small boy build their nests in a railroad ridge a few inches beneath the irons over which trains thunder every quarter of an hour. It is not the "harmless racket of civilization" which drives away the birds but the senseless yet in-tentional war made upon them. The birdcatcher, the nest-robber, the cockney sportsman, the unreasoning slayer of wild creatures, these that Smetham was "in many signal respects very are the enemies who make the birds distrustful closely akin to Blake." In the light of such a reof human beings. Mr. Hudson also has a good word to say for the English sparrow which it is the fashion to vilify. He evidently does not believe all that he hears from America and Australia about this little denizen of city streets. He need not. The sparrow is far better than some who have spoken ill of him. When the pot-hunters have killed all of his kind in the United States and the cooks have turned the tiny carcaes a into reed birds by some hocus-poeus of the frying-pan, and when the tent worms begin crawling about, and breeding by the milions as they did years ago, then it is to be hoped that those people who know so much that is not so about arrows will have the grace to confess their

Another point on which an army of misguided pessimists have wasted their breath in prose and verse has been the unhappiness of all living creatures under that dread law, the survival of the fittest. Mr. Hudson's contempt for these cheap exhibits of pity toward animated nature is almost too deep for expression. "One of our poets,"
mys he, "lately told the public how his soul was harrowed at the signt of a sick monkey's sufferings, and how he screeched at the Author of the Universe for permitting such things. We o recall the pitiable spectacle of a Pierre Loti as about the world with a pocket-handkerchief his eyes sobbing at the thought of the sad ountered in his wanderings." All mawkish literature be would burn, if he had his way. It is not death that is painful, but the apprehension of death, and no animal save man anticipates fate. Among wild animals in their proper home disease is so rare that it may be said not to exist. The poet's sick monkey was not a victim of the order of nature, but of some human meddler who had given it things not fit for a monkey to est or had kept it in conditions which unsuftable. "Always bear in mind that the children of life are the children of joy, that the lower animals are only unhappy when made

so by man; that man slone, of all the cre has 'found out many inventions,' the chief of which appears to be the art of making himself miserable, and of seeing all nature stained with

that dark and hateful color." Human experience is appealed to to show that forms of death most dreadful to contemplate are really painless, for example, under the ravening chws of wild animals or in the midst of cold too severe to be endured. It is the fear beforehand that tortures men, and of this the lower animals are incapable. "How falsely does that man see nature, how grossly ignorant must be be of its most elemental truths, who looks upon it as a chamber of torture, a physiological laboratory on a very vast scale, a scene of endless strife and trepidation, of hunger and cold, and every form of pain and misery." Death from decay or old age is rare among wild creatures in their natural state. "Death by misadventure is Nature's ordinance," but even a natural death comes so quickly that the interval between full activity and lifelessness is hardly longer than an instant of time. All these observations emphasize the care that should be taken not to lend one's own mental organization to the lower animals in the effort to explain their characteristics.

WINCHESTER.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ANCIENT COLLEGE.

THE ANCIENT WAYS. Winchester Fifty Years. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M. A. Pp. xii., 171. Macmillan & Co.

Half a century has seen many changes in college that graces the ancient Saxon capital of England. The number of students is now doubled, and the methods of study are more practical and efficient. Wykehamists only a short time ago took an unreasonable pride in the motionless conservatism of their school. They even went so far as to defend the atroctous system of faggin, which con-verted English lads in their teens into miserable slaves, expected to endure every sort of cruelty without a whimper. But the stir of reform was felt even at the time or which Mr. Tuckwell writes. A boy from a good home who wished to say his prayers at night was no longer the object of wanton practical jokes. The death of a junior killed a sunstroke while "watching out" at cricket on a hot day put an end to the barbarous rule which obliged the little chaps to serve their superiors bareheaded. "I have felt my hair so hot," marks Mr. Tuckwell, "as to be painful to the touch, and have seen the heads of other juniors steaming in the sun." Another reform brought in high canvas walls or

the football field, which relieved the juniors from the misery of "kicking in." But in Mr. Tuckwell's time the younger boys still had to endure this. They were not allowed to wear gowns, but stood in "the jackerless sleeved cloth waistcoat which was the college uniform, shivering in a December day, looking anxiously to the cathedral clock visible from one or two points through the plane trees of of doors were but a small fraction of the fag's business He was waiter and scullion and valet and he had to learn how to cook certain dishes His own meals were obtained often at haphazard when he had performed the services required o him. Any delinquency was likely to be visited with summary punishment in which anything from a cricket bat to a fire shovel might be used to emphasize the senior's disapprobation. It was the custom even-last and bitterest disgrace of all to a freeman-to subject new boys to a process not ur to grasp hot handles of coffee-pots, bollers, fry ing-pans, would be hardened by a process of searing with a 'hot end,' or burning brand of wood and to this ordeal every junior was submitted. 1 kicked and struggled. But I was captured and my hand held fast, and I can still recall the griding thrill of pain as the glowing wood was pressed upon it by the ministering fiend-fit prologue to tan ancestors still stirring in their young descend the continuous barbarity which was 'to walk up and down with me' as with poor Constance through out a year at least of college life."

But boyhood is lighthearted. It would be a mistake to suppose that these mediaeval cruelties cast a gloom over college life. But when Mr. Tuckwell became "Prefect of Hall," and had the power to ty, and the memory of his own sufferings made him press the matter until the bully was degraded. Prefect of Hall was a unique officer. He was the commandant of the whole school. "It was said by them of old time." explains our author, "that there were three absolute rulers in the world; the Great Mogul, the captain of a man-of-war, and the Pre-fect of Hall at Winchester." His authority was sustained by centuries of precedent, and rebellion

The boys learned vast quantities of Latin and Greek by heart. They became expert in Latin and Greek composition. They were made "premature High Churchmen." They kept up in some fashion with the general literature of the day. But if they studied science, as for example did the famous Frank Buckland, who was one of Mr. Tuckwell's contemporaries, they had to do it in their own way. The two became expert poachers. Buckland anato-mized every creature he dared to touch with a knife, and one of the boys who had a curiously shaped head declared in a fright that he hear Buckland mutter, "What wouldn't I give for that fellow's skull!" The little book is full of reminiscence in which figure some names of distinction Numerous illustrations from photographs give real ty to one's notions of the college and its surround

AN ARTIST AS A CRITIC.

ESSAYS AND POEMS OF JAMES SMETHAM.

THE LITERARY WORKS OF JAMES SMETH-AM. Edited by William Davies. Pp. vili., 288. Macmillan & Co.

This volume lacks the personal interest of a unique character possessed by the letters of Smeth am published some time ago. Only one of the essays reprinted here can be looked on as a personal revelation, and in that case the disclosures are cer tainly indirect and unconscious. It was remarked in the second edition by Mrs. Glichrist and D. G. Rossetti of Glichrist's "Life of William Biake," mark, and also of the enlarged statement that Smetham "shares in a remarkable manner Blake's mental beauties and his formative shortcomings. and possesses besides an individual invention which often claims equality with the great exceptional master himself." it is of interest to learn what Smetham himself thought of Blake. When he proposed as a test question. "What think you of William Blake?" as a means of gauging individual capacity for the judgment of works of pure imagination, he may have had some thought of his own peculiarities. For men, as a rule, do not propose tests which they themselves would fall to meet. Their own limitations preclude this. They see excellence along the lines within which their own genius lies. When he says of Blake that "he is a stumbling-block to all pretenders, to all conventional learnedness, to all merely technical excellence," he may well have meant that he himself had the same hatred of pretence as he understood it, and of affectation. Of course, Smetham could not be quite so unconventional as Blake. He had some lingering superstitions about the binding nature of grammatical rules to which Blake was superior. Yet the trammels of syntax were somewhat irksome to Smetham, as any one will discover by analyzing this clause chosen at random: "Without referring to the large collection of Blake's drawings, which we remember having the privilege of being shown to us by Mr. Gilchrist while writing his book." etc. Blake's plural nouns coupled with singular verbs are a triffe compared with the sharp corners of literary composition.

That the later man had studied his predecesso deeply is certain. From the side of a worshipper there could not be, in the space of a few pages, a more appreciative estimate of Blake's genius than Smetham has given. But he does not hesitate to express his belief that the master was, as the saying goes, "a little touched." Somewhere along the line where body and spirit met, he thinks there was a defect. This was mainly shown in Blake's philosophy, to which material things were the unreal. while the things to which the common run of eyes are blind became to him realities. What puzzles the rest of us, poor humdrum wretches that we are, is that after all Blake's dragons and ghosts

and angels are not unlike their conventional rela-tives. If he had brought from the unseen world something utterly novel, something that would have required a complete revision of traditional fancies would then have been a deadly foe to a sort of conventionalism which is really annoying. Must ghosts wear clothes of the contemporary pattern, must angels have wings, must dragons' talls curl helplessly? If so, then miserable scepticism awaits some of us. But this peculiarity of Blake, his dwelling in a world of his own creation, is hardly a more convincing proof of insanity than Goethe's assertion that he could realize any figure he chose on the instant. And Goethe was confessedly one of the best balanced men who ever lived. One may still hopelessly speculate on the result if Blake' father had really flogged him as he threatened to do for bringing home that famous story about a tree full of angels. Perhaps the question, "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so make it so?" would then have had an aspect different from what it retained for Blake throughout his life.

The essay on Sir Joshua Reynolds shows Smethm's capacity for comprehending a character very unlike his own. That on Alexander Smith betray the author's leaning in literature toward what used to be called "the spasmodic school," and the one on Gerhard Dow proves his appreciation of minute care in art. A collection of poems at the end of the volume shows, if that were necessary, that tender sentiment and piety were more character- being characteristic of Greek tragedy, which they istic of Smetham than picturesque fancies.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Scribners announce "With Thackeray is merica," an interesting volume by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A., containing 121 Hustrations by the author

The late Sir Edward Hamley, the author of that clever book, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and of the exquisite sketch called "Shakespeare's Funeral," was a savage critic of other men's writings. Thack eray used to dislike him, and was accustomed to ways has with him." One day, when dining with the publisher. Thackeray delivered himself of some emphatic phrases concerning Hamley, and Black wood, much annoyed, took prompt revenge. "I am your works. Mr. Thackeray." The reply was prompt tribute to Hamley's power of destructive criticism. "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't!" exclaimed Thackeray, "I unsay all that I have said if you

"John Oliver Hobbes," otherwise Mrs. Craigie, th author of "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Sinner's Comedy," and "A Study in Temptations," is by birth an American. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan Richards, of Boston, who have lived in England for the past twenty-five years. Mrs. Craigle was born in Boston, but as her home has been London ever since she wa



can in anything but birth. She is described, how-ever, as being in sympathy with the principles and institutions of this country, the spirit of her Puriant. She is an excellent musiciar, is classics, and after her marriage at nineteen, read for a B. A. degree at the London University. He books, she declares, are not novels, and adds, "I do not think I could write a sustained three-volume regulation novel. I violate every canon of such ork in every one of my little books; just as real life violates every cut-and-dried law of conventionality. Call them rather studies of character after the Impressionist school." She is somewhat cyni cal, and has been heard to tell this little story in illustration of this trait in herself: "My mother is very fond of telling how, when I was a very little girl, she left me alone one day with my dolls, row of sawdust puppets hanging by their necks, and I contemplating their dangling bodies in silent pleasure, and they were all women dolls, too. 1 never really cared for dolls, you see; they were not real to me, only counterfeit presentments of hi manity. I think I have been a 'gentle cynic' at

heart from my babyhood."

Mrs. Craigle is a slender woman of medium height; she has dark, speaking eyes, and her dark hair is drawn carelessly away from a wide, low forehead. She is a clever talker, and while of a strong and ambitious character, is unselfish and

A revised edition of Andrew Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy" is in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. It is based on the census of 1890,

An American in London has just bought for \$1,175 a copy of the first edition of Isaak Walton's

'Compleat Angler." "Northern Lights" is the title which Robert Louis Stevenson has given to the history of his

family and its engineering works, which he is now Mr. Barrett Wendell is about to bring out a col

lection of papers under the title of "Stelligeri and Other Essays Concerning America."

M. Alphonse Daudet puts Defoe at the head of all the standard English writers of fiction, pronouncing him to be England's national author. "Even Shakespeare," he says, "does not give so perfect an idea of the English character as Defoe. Robinson is the typical Englishman par excellence, with his adventuresomeness, his taste for travel, his love of the sea, his piety, his commercial and practical instincts. And what an artist he is— Defoe! What effects of terror there are in 'Robinson'-the foot of the savage on the sand; and then his dramatic gift-the return of Robinson to the island, and the parrot still screaming 'Friday,'
Friday,' If I were condemned to a long period of reclusion, and were allowed only one book to read, I would choose 'Robinson.' It is one of the few works of fiction that may be considered as nearly immortal as any written thing can be. Not that I wish to underrate Shakespeare and some others. No, indeed! Shakespeare is one of the authors

A volume in memory of the late Noah Porter has been prepared by divers friends of the former president of Yale, and will soon be published by the Scribners.

Sir Walter Scott is coming out in "Blackwood." Unpublished or not, it has at any rate not been included in any edition of his works.

New uniform editions of Thomas Nelson Page's works, and of George W. Cable's novels, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons. They have also in press Mr. T. R. Sullivan's new story, "Tom Sylvester."

Pre-Raphaelite movement is nearly ready for publication. Of all the men concerned in this movement, there is left none who could so well tell the

That clever Irishman, Alfred Percival Graves, the author of some of the most musical of modern minor verses, is about to edit a volume which will heartily welcomed. This is to be a collection of "Gems of Irish Song," set to beautiful old na-tional airs. The book will be brought out as a volume of the New Irish Library. Mr. Graves's recently published collection of "Irish Songs and Ballads" has been so successful that he proposes to

Mr. Henry B. Fuller's new book, "The Cliff-Dwellers," is nearly ready for publication in book form, and the people who have quarrelled over his former productions will have an opportunity to "fight another day." There is probably no other American writer, now before the public, whose works are the objects of more contentious criti-

FOLK-MUSIC IN CHICAGO.

PRIMITIVE ELEMENTS OF THE DRAMA.

DANCES, RELIGIOUS AND DRAMATIC-THE JAVAN-

ESE AND CHINESE THEATRES. If one wishes one may find all the elements of the modern drama except the scenery among the dancers and other performers of the Midway Plaisance and elsewhere in the Fair. Hitherto we have been content in studying the genesis of the drama to trace it from the plays of the classic Greeks and Romans through the miracle and mystery plays of the Middle Ages. Little heed has been given to the fact that there is not a single feature in that development, which has come down to us by literary report or tradition, which may not be se full activity among savage or semi-civilized peo ples to-day. If one will but listen aright, putting the conventionalities of modern life, he may hear oing into a Chinese theatre. There he will find templified that union of song, instrumental music, antonime and syntage it. antomime and spoken dialogue which the Floren ine literati three hundred years ago recognized as

attempted to revive, and in the so doing invented Italian opera. More than this, if one will accustom one's self to listen discriminatingly to the din of the musical factor of a Chinese play, leaving aside all expectation of being pleased, but seeking to arrive at the purpose of its employment, will discover that in principle the drama of the Middle Kingdom is also the drama of Richard Wagner. The conservatism of the Chinese is a thing for which students ought to be profoundly grateful. It has preserved many of the progressiv steps of early civilization, like the proverbial fly amber, so that we need not speculate about them, but may observe them. We may look at them through the vista of many centuries, yet also have them as living entities before our very eyes We are learning to study the origin and growth of mythological and religious systems by seeking an-alogies amongst the folk tales and customs of the peoples who to-day are in a condition of primitivism. There is much to learn concerning the nature of music, and the arts which have always been consorted with music, by application of similar method. As yet little has been done; but

In this paper I shall attempt to bring to notice

the paths are opening.

some of the elements of the drama in their primitive forms, as they may be observed at the World's Columbian Exposition. Not caring to disturb tradition, since that can easily be made to serve, a glance at the generally received account of the origin of Greek tragedy may enable us to muster the ancient elements, for which we may then find modern parallels. Every schoolboy knows that the Hellenic plays were simply the final evolution of the dances with which the people of Hellas celebrated their religious festivals. At the rustic Bac-chic festivals of the early Greeks, they sang hymns in honor of the wine god and danced on goatskins filled with wine. He who held his footing best on the treacherous surface carried home the wine as a reward. They contended in athletic games and ongs for a goat, and from this circumstance, scholars have surmised, we have the word "trage dy," which means a "goat song." The choric dy," which means a "goat song." The choric songs and dances grew in variety and beauty. Finally somebody (tradition preserves the name of Thespis as the man) conceived the idea of introducing a simple dialogue between the strophes of the choric song. Generally this dialogue took the form of a recital of some story concerning the god whose festival was celebrating. Then, when the dithyrombic song returned it would either continue dithyrambic song returned it would either continue the narrative or comment on its ethical features The merrymakers, or worshippers (as one chooses to look upon them), manifested their enthusiasm by imitating not only the actions, but also the appearance of the god and his votaries. They smeared themselves with wine-lees, colored their bodies black and red, put on masks, covered themselves with the skins of beasts, enacted the parts of panes, nymphs, fauns and satyrs those creatures of primitive fancy, half men and half goats, who were the representatives of natural sensuality untrammelled by conventions. Next somebody (Archilochus, say the books), sought to heighten the effect of the story or the dialogue by consorting it with instrumental music; and thus we find the germ of what musicians (not newspaper writers) call melodrama, in the very early stages of the development of the drama. Gradually these simple rustic entertainments were taken hold of by the poets, who drew on the legendary stores of the people for subjects, branching out from the doings of gods to the doings of godlike men, the popular heroes, and developed out of them the master-

studied with amazement, admiration and love.
The dramatic factors which have been must in this outline are these:

pieces of dramatic poetry which are still read and

2. Recitation and dialogue. 2. Characterization by means of imitative ges-

tures and dress. 4. Instrumental music to accompany the song

and also the action.

The word dance must here be understood in an entirely different sense than the modern. The social dances of to-day, as well as the ballet-dance ing of the theatres, is an artificial product which has scarcely a single point of connection with either the classic dances or the dances of primitive peoples. The ancient dance was what might be called a conventionalized pantomime. It told a story, partly by imitation of natural movements. the meaning of which was obvious; partly by means of postures and gestures to which significance had arbitrarily been given. Charles Kingsley waxed eloquent at the mere imagining of what the ancient dance was. "A dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motive for a sculptor of the purest school, and the highest physical ac tivity was manifested, not as in coarse panto mimes in fantastic bounds and unnatural distor-tions, but in perpetual delicate modulations of a stately and self-sustained grace." Very beautiful, and very correct; else are all the stories of the can be no doubt that pantomimic dancing was brought to a perfection under the old Roman pire of which we can scarcely form an idea. The cynic, Demetrius, once attacked dancing, saying that the charm came from the accompanying music.

the fire are those of hidden men talking through the speaking-tubes. It is thus that Wagner enables his dragon to sing in "Siegfried." Such mechani-cal devices are numerous in the Indian dances, which occupy the position half way between the simple choric dance and the developed pantomime or drama. In the Mamak'a dance of the Kwakiuti, the dancer who has imitated the motions of a swimmer throws a magic stick among the lookers on. One falls and blood issues from his head. The Mamak'a then extracts the stick, which is hollow and made on the telescope principle, so that it lengthens out as he seems to draw it from the wound. In the Toq'uit, a woman's dance, an effort is supposed to be made to kill the dancer by driving a wedge through her temples; but she dances on with a portion of the wedge showing on each side of her head. Then her head is ostensibly split with a paddle, the paddle being cut out to fit the head. "Sometimes," says Dr. Boas, "she is burnt, For this purpose a box, having a double bottom, is prepared. She lies down and the box is turned over so that her body may conveniently be pushed into it. At the place where she lies down a pit is dug in which she hides. The box is turned up again, closed and thrown into the fire. Before the beginning of the ceremony a corpse has been put into the lower part of the box. From the pit in which the dancer hides a tube of kelp has been laid under ground. It acts as a speaking-tube. woman sings through it, and her voice apparently comes out of the fire. Afterward the bones are found in the fire. They are collected, laid on a new mat, and for four days the people sing over the bones, while the woman remains hidden in a bed-room. At last the bones are heard to sing (which is done by placing the mat over the mouth of the speaking-tube), and the next morning the woman is seen to be once more alive." The graphic de-scription of the Hopi Blacksnake dance given by a writer in The Tribune a week or two ago shows similar employment of dramatic paraphernalis (wooden snakes capable of being made to conduct themselves as if alive, a stage, curtain, etc.), and so do some of the ceremonial dances of the Zunis. For all of these dances prototypes might be found among the mystical ceremonies of the ancients. The neighbors of the Kwakiuti Indians on the Fair grounds, the Navahoes, have a dramatic dance which lasts nine days, and depicts a series of incidents in the mythical history of the tribe. Says Major Powell: "This ceremony dramatizes the myth with rigorously prescribed paraphernalia and

The Navahoes at the Fair are so few and so little inclined to exhibit themselves that their dances are not likely to be seen. It was the purpose, however, of Mr. J. W. Sanborn, who arranged the camp of Iroquois Indians from New-York, that they should exhibit their ancient dances. These are much nearer the primitive idea of the rude dithyrambic dances than anything described thus far. In all the dances of the Iroquois which I have seen there is little variation from the heel-stamping so familiafrom the war dances in the Wild West shows. At the green corn festival, however, they have one dance which suggests the old "Reigen," dances, of our own ancestors, and the "Hormos" of the Greeks. In this they take hold of hands and chant antiphonally with the leader as they shuffle around a central point, once probably the sacred fire. In this dance the common turtle rattles are not used, but the leader carries a rattle made of a section of cow horn. The round dances of our Teutonic ancestors have, by a nat-ural process of degeneration, become the sidewalk plays of our children, such as "Oats, pease, beans." "Green Gravel," "Here we go round the mulberry bush," etc. In the Khroyods of the Russian peasantry they have remained adult dances, though they have lost their religious character.

formularies, with picturesque dances and shows, scenic effects and skilful thaumaturgic jugglery."

All these dances are uncompromisingly and unqualifiedly religious, or were so at their inception. The extent to which the Kwakiuti nances have lost in seriousness of purpose has already suggested. Dr. Boas looks upon them as still The Dahomans also have their "semt-religious." fetich dances, but I was not privileged to see one. Those dances whose music I have discussed were war dances, their partomime consisting of imita-tions of marching, skirmishing and tighting. But none the less did they illustrate the development of the drama out of the dance. If one were to seek to adduce a measure of intellectual development from the dances of the Kwakiuti, Moqui, Navaho and Zuni ceremonies (in some of the latter we have the introduction of the fun maker-the clown), it would be very high compared with the achievements of classical antiquity. Their evolutionary stage from an artistic point of view (I am not now speaking of technical finish in performance or beauty of idea) is not far removed from that exhibited in a species of Roman drama which existed two and a half centuries B. C., and endured in Italy down to the time when Italian opera was invented. In this form of entertainment the pantomimists, or dancers, acted a prescribed scene, while solo singers and choristers chanted the text. The fact that after the development of the polyphonic style of music dialogue and monologues were sung by choirs of six and eight voices suffices of the dramatic art, whatever may be said about the mustcal, since the days of the Athenian drama A nearer approach to what we may imagine these Roman plays to have been is to be seen in the Javanese Theatre in the Midway Plaisance. The performances here are far and away the most in



JAVANESE DANCERS.

influence of the ancient danciers mere fairles. Increase can be no doubt that pantonimine dancing was price of which we can scarcely form an idea. The grick hemetrius, once attacked dancing, region is the content of the content of

description:
"Nec de Gadibus improbis puellae
Vibrabunt sine fine prurientes,
Lascivos docili tremore lumbos." As for its alleged religious significance, never been a time in Egypt when its prawers not public bawds. "They are never into a respectable harem," says Lane, "bu



EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

unfrequently hired to entertain a party of men in the house of some rake." They are the most abandoned of the courtesans of Egypt. If Herodias danced a religious dance, designed to inculcate ideas of purity, before the King, then perhaps the Danse du Ventre is a religious dance. H. E. K.

THE CHINESE POSTAL SYSTEM.

" LETTER SHOPS" A PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

The Chinese have not yet established any Government postoffices or postal system for the masses of the people, although private enterprise has for many years rendered epistolary communi-cation easy between the people in all parts of the Empire. This is conducted through what are called, "letter shops." No stamps are used, but the "chop" of the keeper of the shop is always placed upon the envelope. Imperial edicts and other official dispatches are carried from city to city and prov-ince to province by couriers, who are very expeditious, being in some parts provided with horses at convenient relay stations. Dispatches are thus con veyed in cases of emergency 200 or 250 miles a day. In districts where horses are used, each sta tionmaster is required to keep on hand from ten to twenty horses or donkeys, and the local official is held responsible for all delays that occur. These official couriers are not allowed to convey private dispatches or letters.

At the treaty ports "letter shops" are used by the

natives only, but in the interior, or places not reached by the foreign postal arrangements, they are employed by foreigners as well, though chiefly by missionaries. All letters and parcels to be sent may be registered and insured. When given in at a "letter shop," the contents of an envelope are displayed before it is sealed up and stamped with "chop" of the shop. Charges for the transmission of valuables are made on a percentage of declared value, and, as if the case with letters, differ according to the distance to be carried. A recelpt is given, and the shopkeeper then becomes responsible either for its safe delivery, with unbroken "chop" or seal, at its destination, or for its return sender. In some parts of the Empire about two-thirds of the expenses of transmission are paid by the sender, the remainder being collected from the receiver. Thus the shop is secured against entire loss from transient customers, and the sender has some guarantee that his letter will be conveyed with dispatch. The other feature, much appreciated by the native merchants, is that of keeping an open account with the shop. Charges for rendered are entered against regular customers, and settlements are made monthly. In case of loss it is seldom necessary to call in the aid of the courts, the force of competition being sufficient to insure reasonable settlement. There are said to be nearly 200 "letter shops" in Shanghai, though in many remote villages there are none. The employes of the several shops are earnest in working up patronage, and go from house to house seeking cus The Taotal Sheng, at Chefoo, lately offered prizes

for the four best essays on "How to Establish a Chinese Imperial Postoffice." There were about fifty competitors, and the prizes were duly delivered. Some of the essayists proposed the enlargement of the courier system, others the use of the offices and employes of the telegraph companies where they exist, and others submitted plans closely modelled upon Western systems. One argument for the establishment of a Government system was based on the large revenue to be secured that now goes into the hands of the French, English, American, Japanese and German postal agents at the treaty ports. There are two kinds of stamps known among dealers as Chinese stamps. The first of these was introduced by Sir Robert Hart, and is used only in the customs service. The other is a local Shanghai stamp used by a company carrying letters about the city of Shanghai and to outpoets where there are foreign consuls, chiefly on the Yangtze River, and to the ports of Ningo and Fuchan in the South, and Chefoo, Tientsin and Pekin in the morth. These two systems are entirely in the hands of foreigners. Letters of foreigners are conveyed from China to other nations by the postal systems of the several countries, all consuls being regarded as postmasters for their own countries. Letters may be sent to and from China by the use of the stamps of any country through their respective consuls, but these are only available at treaty ports. Foreigners living in the interior or away from treaty ports must make arrangements for getting their letters from the nearest consul, or authorize some Chinese "letter shop" to transmit letters for them. ered. Some of the essayists proposed the enlarge-

SOME QUAINT EPITAPHS.

FOUND HERE AND THERE IN THE MOTHER

From The London Funeral Directors' Journal. The following in Penrith Churchyard is refreshing in these days of deceit, on account of its can-

"Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife; Their surname was Pritchard, and they lived with-out strife. out strife.

The reason was plain—they abounded in riches;

They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches."

breeches."

The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn Churchyard, was probably a democrat and had some little opinion of himself:

"This humble monument will show, Here lies an honest man; You Kings, whose heads are now as low, Rise higher if you can!"

This is the

John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire:

Derbyshire:

"Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 88th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives:

This thing in life might rafee some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly."

One epitaph in lifracombe Churchyard shows faith:

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear, I am not dead, but sleeping here; My debt is paid, my grave is free, And in due course you'll come to me." Not far from this we have an example of quiet

"Here lies a kind and loving wife A tender nursing mother— neighbor free from brawl and strife, A pattern for all others."

Evidently marriage was not a failure in this

Case.
What follows was formerly on a tombstone in St. Thomas's Churchyard, Salisbury;
"Here lies three babes dead as nits, God took them off in agie fits;
They was too good to live wi' we. So he took 'em off to live wi' we.

So he took 'em off to live wi' 'ee."

Who dares utter the foul slander that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman? Let him or her cast an eye over the following, and then sit silent forever. It so on a gravestone in Stonehaven Churchyard:

"The place whaur Betty Cooper lies I here or here aboot;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen can fin it oot;
The place where Betty Cooper lies
There's neen on earth can tell,
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells hersel."

ROSTON'S LITERARY GLORY. From The Boston Herald.

From The Boston Herald.

Some of the croakers are now saying that the literary glory of Boston has departed. Well, it lasted long enough to give us a reputation, even if it receives no important recent addition. But let us see as to the facts in the case. Dr. Holmes yet lives. John Fiske and Francis Parkman still hall from Boston, and where are they to be matched in the literary talent of the land? T. B. Aldrich is accounted a reasonably clever man, and T. W. Higginson has had some reputation as a litterateur for about a half-century. There are female writers like Miss Jewett and Mrs. Wilkins whom it may, perhaps, be well to take into account. If the literary glory of Boston has departed, it may be a pertinent inquiry to ask where it has gone. Is more of it to be found in any other American city?